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HALLOWE'EN—KILLARY BAY

It was at dusk he sailed away,
At dusk he said good-bye.
The water was a mirror
For mountains and for sky;
Between the hill-tops slipped a ray
Forgotten at the death of day.
The moon hid as he waved to me
And sailed away from Killary.

“Oh, I'll come back some day,” said he,
“When twilight falls on Killary.
But let you keep your lamp alight,—
Your golden lamp that shines so bright,—
To guide me home from sea.”
He sailed away into the night
And took my heart from me.

It was at dusk he sailed away—
At dusk he will come home,
For he'll be weary watching
The big waves capped with foam.
No sound there is to break my dreams
But little babbling songs of streams;—
No lamp but mine for him to see
As he sails home by Killary.

“Oh, I'll come back some night,” said he,
“When stars look down on Killary.”
And surely he will come one night.
The tears maybe have dimmed my sight,
But he will greet me joyfully—
He'll laugh to see my hair grown white
Since last he sailed from Killary.

WINIFRED M. LETTS.

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